



THE HOLY REBELL, OR, THE TRECHEROVS PROFESSOR.

It was not malice, but his great good-will
That made the Author thus to use his Quill;

Vile Theeves doe seek to carrie all away
With them; who will not (all he can) them stay?

By Samuel Caseley, *A Lover of Truth and Loyalty.*

O Good God! What stuffe is there here,
Rebels thus break out everie Yeare?
Thus swagger, brag, and bear the sway;
And none (almost) dare say them nay.

How do they crack, and threat, and prate?
How do they shew their spight and hate?
Yet let alone, as if that they
Both say and do what they will, may.

If th'nd do prove the Act; yet then
See who brought in the *Scottish Men*:
Who did them countenance, and pay?
Who did give thanks for them, and pray?

The *Scots* did come and go again:
The Rebels still do here rem in.
They have wrought long and gone on far
Vnill we have Peace, they will hav Var.

The game they play for is so great,
Vain is all hope them to intreat.
The Crown is strong: the Church is rich,
At these two things their fingers itch.

Post Dolebit for place doth plead,
Sith that *Carveto* is gain-said.

Oh how do fair words us deceive:
As * *Fairies* Fooles, as *Satan Eve*?

They which themselves Professors call
* *Chatexochen* (as if we all

Professors were not) what I pray
More then others) practise would they

Thought ye: but such notorious kinde
Of mischief, that we hardly find

The like by any wrought? * *Ictus*
Piscator sapit; Do ye thus.

It's not for us to curse (but pray)
Or else I verily would say,

* *Termerium malum* (or worse thing)
Be to these Enemies of the King.

Kind hearted Rebels, they in spight
Against the King, for the King fight.

Religious traitors; slay, and kill,
And yet professe they think none ill.
Reformers most inordinate,
Controllers proud of King and State:
They crie, Down with the Bishops Chaire;
Yet say, *The Kings Throne they will spare.*

O zealous madnesse! desperate Faith;
Doth one thing, and another faith.
A Preacher sometime I did heare
Say (in zeale of his Sovereign deare)

If * *Rochets* once neglected bee,
Soon a crackt Scepter shall ye see:
Moses and *Aaron* went together,
Both may be spoil'd as well as either.

Nabash would the Right Eyes have had
Of them of *Jabesh-Gilead*:
Satan is wicked in desire,
Ever ayming at the Higher.

For Saints do never Rebels take;
Rebellion did Divels make:
Yeeld them one Cheek, they'l at the other,
Trust not one of them (though a Brother)

Beleeve not they intend to bow,
Till ye crie * *Eleleuion*.
Were they held to it, they would break;
What can crackt Vessell do but leak?

Then Joy in Triumph shall the King,
And *Hallelujah* shall He sing
(in spight of them) to Jesus still,
Who all his holy ones keep will.

Ignavus Persens did lose all,
Though he unto the gods did call;
But *Numa Pugnans* still did pray,
And *Aram Vibrans* won the Day.

God to the King give Life and Peace,
And all from curse of sin release,
That blesse His Highnesse, and hearts have
To say and do; *The King, God save.*

*A Vessure
proper to Bi-
shops.
Numb. 16.*

1 Sam. 11.

*AVoyce us-
fed by Greeks
in fear, hast,
and grue, as
O Hone.*

Plameth.

*He that be-
wareth not
before (that be
sorry after.*

* *Fairies* are
Spirits said
to leade Men
into mire, &
then laugh.
* In a Bra-
vado or sin-
gularly.

* Beware
next.

* Beheading
first devised
by one Ter-
merium.